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STUDY OF CHARACTER AS PORTRAYED BY THE FEET ON F STREET PROMENADE



Pedal Extremities Indicate Much to One Who Learns Human Nature by Ob- servation—Types as Seen Daily.

By JAMES FRANK LYMAN.

Ever study shoes? Not from the show window of "Washington's Foremost Footwear Emporium," where shoes are characterless, but on the street. Ever try it? Well, don't know how much there is in it until a bull-headed managing editor tells you to go and get psychology out of psychos. Man, who draws pictures, balked like an army mule when he heard about it.

"It isn't art, old fellow," he complained with sorrow to the managing editor, "I can't do it, old fellow, you see."

EDITOR NOT ARTISTIC.

The managing editor's views on art and artists are rough.

"Either you and Lomen go out and get a story on shoes," he announced, "or you both get fired."

There's a certain eminent pugilist of hygienic days—"Elbow" McFadden, I think—attributed his great success in mutilating the countenances of various gentlemen to the fact that he continually watched their knees and feet.

"Don't look 'em in the eye," he is quoted as having said, "look at their feet. Long before they get out to hit their feet show it. When they're getting ready to crouch for a rush, their feet tell all about it. Watch their feet and you'll knock their blocks off."

Without wishing to pull any such rough stuff, it may be observed at the beginning of this that no man is better or worse than his shoes. Nor woman either. The dear little girl may fake from ankles to fingertips but the eleven holes will show—also, too often—in the shoe that is beneath the ankle.

Why F Street Is Selected.

Mans and I liked for F street after the managing editor had chased us into the cold world. We picked F street, first, because there are lots of types on F street—human interest studies, material in the rough and all that sort of thing. Also, we chose F street because Mans hates to get too far away from a certain popular spot.

With eyes studiously fixed upon the ground, we fell in with the moving throng and began to seek types. First we looked, coming slowly, heavily, solidly toward us a pair of square, flat-topped, low-heeled, thick-soled shoes, sort of a cross between an overshoe and a canal boat.

If ever a determined, hard-headed business man was given away by anything, it was that pair of shoes. Neither of us had looked at him, yet we had him photographed in our minds' eyes long before we raised our heads and looked at him. Those thick, elephantine ankles could belong only to 250 solid pounds of weight, with a fifty-five-inch girth and shoulders to match. They were well-worn shoes, indicating long walks and consequent good health. They were the shoes of a man who habitually had copious ham and eggs for breakfast, and whose loudest complaint was made when the soup was cold. You could almost hear him yelling over the stairway:

"Jennie, it's 10 o'clock! For heaven's sake, send that young man home!"

Mans Fears Those Shoes.

The shoes approached. Self-hypnotized, we watched them, and heard the heavy squeak of polished leather, which seemed to say:

"Make way, give me room. I've got my rights here, and I'm going to see that they are not curtailed. Remember—"

Just then Mans smashed plump into the owner of the shoes, and I hurried on. Mans passed me at forty-five miles an hour, and following his anxious backward glance I saw the high-browed, gray-haired owner of the shoes, scowling ferociously after us and smoothing his vest with both pudgy hands.

"I'll never forget those shoes," sighed Mans. "One nearly got me."

Pattering behind those heavy shoes

were a pair of nimble, patent leather. They were light, shiny shoes, built for dancing. They were intended for the city, clean asphalt that runs along the edge of the path of life, never for the muddy middle path, wherein men fight for another's privilege of walking on asphalt. In the mining step of those shoes you could hear the plaut:

"Ah, me! Many common persons had tread this same street. Why couldn't I have the velvet carpet? A lounging room in the club, even. Anything but these horrid, plebeian streets."

Education and Polish.

Then there arose the vision of perfect gentility that these shoes undoubtedly possessed. Rich, undoubtedly. Well-educated, unquestionably; most probably in Bonn and Heidelberg, after a careful course at Harvard. Possibly, above those shoes was a brain capable of great attainment with the advantages at its disposal. Unlike the square, solid shoes, these had not been forced to kick their heels—Cuban, I think, they call 'em—cleaned and dried before a step was taken. Useful—

Ah, well; we must have male butterflies, as well as female butterflies, on the earth and women would never have an opportunity to become evil—and ambitions.

Mans, still savage after his first encounter, ran into the patent leather shoes and all that went with them. He was preparing to get rough when the hat was lifted and a soft voice drawled:

"Go sorry, old fellow. My fault entirely."

And the shoes carried their owner into the mass of the passing crowd.

"My luck," said Mans. "I know I could have whipped that man." But what about a pair of suede shoes, jammed to capacity until they resembled nothing so much as a burlesque house on a holiday night. Excessively high heels—Cuban, I think, they call 'em—were run over, in evidence of the fact that too much weight was being put in too small a shoe.

One We Often See.

Around the heels and the leather rim where suede met sole, there was a markedly noticeable lack of that liquid tone or polish or whatever it is they call it. The whole effect was of a girl, vain in a pitiful way. A careless, care-free, healthy girl, who wanted to be a chine doll and didn't know how. At every step they took those shoes seemed to apologize. You could hear them mean:

"Oh, we're so dreadfully large. But there weren't any small toes in stock, you know. The poor girl has such a dreadful time to keep up on that she all but limps. Our fault, you know. We're so big we chafe at the heel."

The "poor girl" weighed 155 pounds. Think of it! One hundred and sixty-five pounds of girl crowded into narrow two-and-a-half. And some delighted persons still talk about the Spanish inquisition!

As these shoes lurched into the distance, there came to our ears the rap, rap, rap of crutch on pavement, and looking down we beheld a single shoe. It was a right shoe, half soled, misshapen from abnormal use, yet a determined kind of a shoe that seemed to say defiantly:

"I know there's only one of me, but I don't care. I'm all right."

Not Asking Sympathy.

You wouldn't think of giving charity to a shoe like that. It wasn't the slatted shoe of the beggar. It was the shoe of misfortune, and pride—an unfortunate combination, yet one that seems to weld character and create a spirit of bravery that laughs at pity. He was old, the owner of this shoe. Probably a veteran, though he wore shoes half an emblem to carry out this illusion. Grin-faced, yet dauntless, he pounded along on crutches aided by the single sturdy shoe that neither asked nor desired assistance. Involuntarily we lifted our hats as we passed, and felt better for doing so when the veteran owner of the single shoe smiled pleasantly.

And then Mans nearly fell over.

Twinkling past us came a pair of snowy white shoes—luxury, kids, you know, white shoes—and between them and the short white skirt was an inch of delicate silk hose that looked as if it might have been woven from cobwebs.

Not for Mansard Affairs.

Those shoes were never meant to tread on plain earth. They might trample hearts, or even souls. The street, however, was for them. They were the light, gossamer shoes that fairies must wear in slightly reduced areas. Had that pair of shoes started across a muddy street as wide as Pennsylvania avenue in the Walter Raleigh's time, Sir Walter would not only have taken off his cape but—well, Sir Walter would have gone home clad in an ash barrel before he let those pure white ornaments touch mud. And it's a safe bet that in these more prosy times when money supplants capes, those shoes will be as safe as they would have been three hundred or so years ago.

Shoes Try to Walk of Life.

Comedy, tragedy, and all the odds and ends of emotion that go to make up a bulky and unwieldy world—all in shoes. Sorrow and laughter—not extending higher than the ankles. A strange story—a legend tale without beginning and without end. A happy—

"Then Mans and I jumped. Behind us

came the sounds of two huddling, girlish voices.

"Look at those two funny men in front of us! I'll bet they're Bohemians or something. Their shoes haven't been polished in months and MONTHS."

This sweet exclamation was still ringing in our burning ears as we wandered home.

Kitty Watson—I am the best dancer in the country.

Fanny Watson—Yes; in the country.

—From the Behman show at the Gayety.

Kitty Watson—I would rather dance than eat.

Fanny Watson—You had better dance or you won't eat.—From the Behman show at the Gayety.

No Longer a Bachelor Girl.

Well, you see these shoes were high, plain-bottom, slim and trim. They were carefully blacked out of regard for neatness and not for personal adornment. They were devoid of any ornament. No extravagant tip or brightly colored leather, nor buckle nor clasp destroyed their severe simplicity. Every night when those shoes are taken off the owner looks under the bed—searching, oh, er—looking—oh, hang it, fearing possible male burglars.

In other words the owner of those shoes was past forty and unmarried.

Go up to the owner of those shoes in a perfectly friendly way and ask what time it is or where to find Unpleasant street and you'd get a look, doubly reinforced by a pair of eye-glasses, that would take the heart out of an Egyptian sphinx. The cold shivers would begin to prowl up and down your back and each separate vertebrae banged against its brother like a string of castanets.

Then she would sniff. Considered as a sound that soft would not amount to much. About as loud as a good-sized wheeze. But as a medium of soul-devoicing, awe-inspiring, whole-hearted contempt it couldn't be beaten outside of the charge of an angry rhinoceros.

Is Easily Insulted.

She would sniff twice while you waited for her to call for the police. Then, when your general expression would have convicted you of first degree murder before any jury in the country she would appeal to some "protector" to save her from this "person" who had "insulted" her.

And about that time you would leave Washington a la Docere Foulis and probably be a confirmed pirate the rest of your life.

Still no one can say she was not peaceful when nobody was around. And she contributes to the maintenance of trousers—less ignominious Fifth magnitude and weeps when a visiting missionary tells the folk of her church how four black brothers sacrificed the principles of their faith and became Christians for three square meals a day and no harder work than singing hymns on Sunday.

Those shoes will never lose their rigid stiffness. They will remain in their set path,averse to vice, in favor of good, and merciless concerning the countless grays that go between the border of black and white. Life for these shoes has no shadows.

It was getting late when Mans and I reached Fourteenth street on our return home.

One of Life's Unfortunates.

From some corner a pair of shoes came forth, walking slowly and hesitatingly, apparently without purpose, yet having a purpose that has long been fought from pulpit and rostrum. They were dowdy. No other words, no dictionary can describe them. An East single combination of five letters. Expensive eyes. Beagun and cut low, with pointed tips and impossible heels—all of their glitter and gold added to their pathos, even as the rags and powder brought out every line of sorrow in the pretty, faded face.

You could hear their cry amid the laughing laughter of the theater crowd.

It was not an appeal, nor yet a defense. "Maybe we're false," said the shoes, "but if we are, why not pity us? Maybe we're wicked; but after all there comes the Great Sleep, and we will trouble you no more. We play a trade that ye hate. Then hate the trade and not those who have been drawn into it."

A young ruffian pushed the girl as he crowded past, and with a low cry she stumbled, almost fell into the street. Mans so far forgot his artistic temperament as to make a break for the young man, who hastily lost himself in the throng and was gone ere we had more than seen him.

WASHINGTON GIRL WITH "GREEN STOCKINGS."



MISS JULIET FREMONT.

A young actress occupying a prominent position in the support of Margaret Anglin and appearing in the new comedy, "Green Stockings," is Juliet Fremont, whom Miss Anglin, an excellent judge of acting, has recently "discovered."

Miss Fremont, since she was a debutante a few years ago, occupied until recently a prominent position in Washington society. She belongs to a distinguished American family, being the granddaughter of John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder" of Fenchire, Cooper's tales, and she is the youngest daughter of the late Rear Admiral John C. Fremont, who died somewhat unexpectedly last summer.

Before adopting the stage for a professional career, Miss Fremont was very active in local amateur theatricals in Washington, where her parents made their home. With Mrs. Nicholas Long-

worth and a few other young women she formed a class for the study of classical dancing two years ago in Washington. Miss Anglin has expressed the opinion that the new recruit to the American stage has every qualification for the vocation she has chosen. The opportunities she enjoyed while in Paris and St. Petersburg, where she resided when her father was naval attaché of American embassies, of studying the drama of Russia, France, and Germany, have fitted her with a training which is not usually the good fortune of stage aspirants.

These advantages would, of course, be of little value if the young lady had no natural histrionic talent, which, however, in Miss Fremont's case exists abundantly. Being intelligent and observant, it may be assumed that Miss Fremont has profited materially by the preliminary help that chance threw in her way.

Wherein the Work of Nature And That of Art Differ

When We See Real Actors in Everyday Life We Realize What Make-up Means.

It was Friday night shortly before the hour of 12. An innocent bystander drifted into an almost deserted luncheon room. It was a quiet, soothing place, and the bystander, who had visited two theaters in the week, sought relief from trouble in a glass of milk and a sandwich. The minute hands continued slowly on their way and the steady tick-tick of the clock played a soft obligato to the rhythmic sound of frying ham.

Suddenly the door opened and a mountainous bulk of a man walked in. Wide of shoulder, thick of chest, and amputated of girth, he filled one and half of those wicker chairs. And he was sober—painfully, accurately, solemnly sober. He ate for his sandwiches and coffee, in the voice of a head undertaker. And when they came, he munched them thoughtfully, almost sorrowfully, and seemed to meditate.

He had half finished his late luncheon when the door opened again and in he came a husky young brute of a man. He was only of medium height, but his low and shoulders suggested continuous athletics. He swung the latter aggressively as he walked over to the lunch counter, and ordered chicken pie, eggs, coffee, and cake. The solemn man, pausing a moment in his feat, gazed miserably at the back of the newcomer and continued eating.

A man sitting near the bystander turned around and wisely explained what they were.

"I know all them folks," said my new-found friend, confidentially. "I met 'em when I was stage carpenter. That young one is one of them strong-arm boys who does a act in burlesque. And, say, you oughter see him. He's playing at the Levity this week, and he's a wonder. Tosses his partner around like he was nothing. They say he's rough, too. Once he smashed an orchestra leader and laid him up for three months because the

orchestra leader wouldn't play ragtime during his act. He calls himself Mark, tells the Great, but his right name is Tim Conroy."

The bystander digested this, and his story continued:

"See that other chap? There's a sad story connected with him. He's a water boy, a great romantic actor, but he got too fat, and now he can't do nothing but follow shows and help out. They take care of him out of kindness, 'cause he was a great actor once. He's always happy; he can play his old parts again, but everybody knows he's never going to be on the stage as a actor—not if he lives to be 2,000 years old. It's a shame."

Slowly the bystander nodded, gazing in admiration at his newly-found acquaintance.

"You must know a lot about the stage," he said.

The ex-stage carpenter nodded.

And then the two strangers happened to catch each other's eyes. "Timothy," said the husky young brute, "if it isn't little Jimmie Lackaye. I never thought I'd see you out at this hour of the morning. Running that comic comedy, 'Excuse Me, still'?"

The mountainous and melancholy nodded.

"I never thought a virtuous young girl like Julian Elmore would be drifting out alone at this hour," he commented.

"How's the widow?"

They shook hands enthusiastically. Lackaye, the comedian, who, as "Timothy Wellington," had caused most of the hilarity at the Behman and Bittling, the leading female impersonator of the time. For a moment, the two men gazed at each other. The husky young brute, then he looked quickly for the ex-stage carpenter, but that individual had quietly sneaked.

"Fanny," mumbled the bystander as he started into the night. "Fanny has you can't trust a blamed thing to appearances."

"ANDY" COMSTOCK MUST BE A FUSSY PERSON TO PULL THIS THING

When does virtue look most virtuous? Since the New York officials are building a model of the statue of "civic virtue" up and down the Municipal Building to learn how it will look when set on the dome, Washingtonians might take up the subject with our own immortal Miss Liberty.

For years Miss Liberty, perched 225 feet in air, has been the most virtuous person in the world, if altitude and isolation count for virtue. The New York officials found that civic virtue 400 feet in the air didn't look half as virtuous as when it was landed to the 500 mark. There may be an intermediate stopping place, but it is doubtful.

Hence the argument and the experimentation.

But that has nothing to do with us. The question confronting Washington is this—If civic virtue looks twice as virtuous when 200 feet in air as it does at 400, are we going to leave the Goddess of Liberty on her old peak or put her on top the monument?

"FIGHTING BOB" MEANT SOMETHING WHEN HE GAVE AN ORDER TO MEN

There are many good stories of Admiral Evans. Here is one of the best:

A sailor named Murphy was named as one of the six men to go on the ill-fated Merrimac when she was scuttled in the harbor of Santiago.

Murphy went aboard and was seen back. Capt. Hobson explained that recruits necessary had been chosen from the battle ship New York. When he reached the Iowa, of which Admiral-

then captain—Evans was commander, he explained the situation.

"Don't you want to go?" asked Evans. "Sure I do!"

"Then," said Fighting Bob, "go back and tell them that I want a man from the Iowa on the Merrimac; and add that the Merrimac is a sinking ship compared with anything that can happen on the Merrimac and that you decided to come back with them on general principles."

And Murphy went.

Lon Hascall—Yes; you know a lot of things, but you can't think of them.—From the Behman show at the Gayety.

A CHURCHMAN SHOULD BE ABOVE REPROACH EVEN TO HIS "BUTTONS"

A business man of this city has an automobile coat ornamented with huge blue buttons not unlike poker chips. When he is not attending to business, or other things, this particular man takes up the collection in a downtown church.

Last Sunday he was making his rounds with the basket when a friend who sat in the last row of pews elaborately dropped in one of those blue buttons. The vestryman leaned over and whispered severely in his ear:

"Vank it out!"

"Not on your life," replied the friend softly. "You crashed it for \$5 in that little game last night. I'm giving the church that button instead of the five."

Fanny Watson—Yes; I am light on my feet, but if I keep this up, I will light on my neck.—From the Behman show at the Gayety.

How a Y. M. C. A. Secretary First Met Dr. Mary Walker

Myron Fernain Jones, educational secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is a man who honestly and ardently believes in a place for everything and everything in its place, and, therefore, when Myron Fernain Jones was asked to explain the unexpected, he either jumps through a window or ducks down into the cryptic cellar, whence—

Myron was working in his office the other day when a small, delicate person, wearing a pair of rather baggy gray trousers, a frock coat, and a high hat, drifted in, and in a high voice asked for him. First Myron started to apologize. Then, with quickness and decision, he tried to find out who and what was calling on him. The visitor had long gray locks, that hung below the temples, and wore a red bandanna tied under the chin.

"Name, please?" asked Myron.

"Dr. Walker," replied the visitor.

"Oh, doctor," said Myron effectively. "This is a pleasure. I presume you're

here for the scientists' convention. Kind of you to call on me."

The doctor bowed and smiled.

"I wanted to give you a few tickets to my lecture," the doctor explained.

"And now," said Myron enthusiastically, "I want you to look over our building with me. Splendid building, you know. We've only recently installed the swimming pool and there are a dozen or so young men in there now. Fine exercise, healthful, and clean. You know we've done away with the idea of bathing suits and—"

As Myron babbled on about the swimming pool the physician's face turned a bright, feverish red.

"I say, young man," broke in the doctor, abruptly, "you don't know me, do you?"

"Why, of course," replied Myron. "I know you well. You are Dr. Walker, prominent in religious work."

"My first name," said the doctor, ignoring the interruption, "is Mary."

"Dr. Mary Walker," gasped Myron. Then he sought the cryptic cellar.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

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IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN NEW YORK, DAMON!

YES! BUT MIND THE PARE! NOW I'M BROKE AND I NEED A NEW OVERCOAT!

WELL, I WON'T LEND YOU ONE PENNY!

ALL RIGHT! DON'T GET EXCITED!

THAT'S NOT FOR ME! I DIDN'T BUY ANYTHING!

COME ON! COME ON! PONY UP! DON'T TELL ME THAT!

I WAS THERE WHEN YOU HAD IT SENT! I SAW YOU!

HEY, DAMON! A FELLOW LEFT THAT PACKAGE AND MADE ME PAY FOR IT!

THEY FINALLY GET BACK TO NEW YORK, BUT THAT BRINGS NO JOY TO THEM